

Not the least grievous feature of the great war is that one is expected to read all that is written about it.

Any change in the government of Mexico merely seems to put another band of murderers and robbers into power.

If the Democrats "save Missouri" this year it will also save the families on the payroll, and that has a lot to do with that party's anxiety over the state's safety.

It has always been a mystery to us how the Republicans of the Tenth Congressional District hit upon that fellow Meeker as the successor to Mr. Bartholdt's official shoes.

It is not surprising that the Mexicans have the notion that they could lick the whole United States. Their faith is based on a statement from a high official source in Washington that we are "too proud to fight."

They are decorating the trees down South with colored citizens again. Five were draped from a single tree in Georgia one night last week. This is one way of settling the race question, but not a very creditable one.

For every cargo of shells shipped to Europe at a big profit, to the shell makers, were are called upon in charity to ship a cargo of provisions to the widows and orphans those shells made. We wonder how much the shell makers are contributing towards this charity?

Some steel firms report increases in export business as high as 200 per cent since the war began. Since Democrats would have us believe that the prosperity that has been experienced by war order concerns is general throughout the country, it will be interesting to note how many of the people of the United States are enjoying an increase of 200 per cent in their business.

Much of the asset paper of the defunct Jefferson County Bank of DeSoto was shown to be valueless at the trial of R. B. Monroe, the bank's cashier, at Hillsboro last week, who was charged with grand larceny, in having received deposits when he knew the bank to be insolvent. This leads us to ask the question, of what value is bank inspection?

We notice that most of our Democratic exchanges are devoting a good deal of space to presenting Con. Houch's claims in support of his candidacy for that party's nomination for Governor. Maybe the fact that Con. Houch as secretary of state, dispenses the constitutional amendment printing patronage has nothing to do with this, yet it looks suspicious. Makes us think the Democratic papers are trying to shape public opinion in Con's favor in return for his favors, past and prospective.

After promising the people of Missouri an economical state government our Democratic friends went to work and over-appropriated the revenues something like four million dollars, and now, notwithstanding the trimming the Governor has done on the appropriation bills, there is a deficit of a couple of million or so in sight. During the Major administration many new jobs, all with fat salaries, were created. The new jobs weren't really so necessary to conduct of public business properly, they were needed mostly to make places for "deserving Democrats" who were eager to assist in their party in carrying out its policy of "economy."

Mr. Bryan sent us a copy of his paper The Commoner the other day, and it was certainly full of stuff to make Mr. Wilson happy—all. The Commoner is just as near striking a happy medium between complete disarmament and an excessive preparedness as Mr. Wilson is in striking one between efficient preparedness and

obnoxious militarism. And the difference in the views of these two most worthy gentlemen on this question may be said to fairly present the attitude of the whole Democratic party in relation to it. It has the party split up the back and frazzled around the collar. Mr. Bryan in his Bryan paper that his sentiments are rapidly spreading among the Democratic members in Congress and that the President cannot put his preparedness plans through as a strictly partisan measure, and whether he can obtain the necessary assistance from the Republican members is quite doubtful. Mr. Bryan makes it pretty clear that he is going to be a thorn in the side of Mr. Wilson in this issue over war preparedness for the nation.

If we are to believe official reports on the situation, this country has no navy worthy of the name were it matched with that of any first class European power. Our ships are too few, their speed is too slow, their guns lack in size and carrying power, the stock of ammunition on hand would not be sufficient to last through one battle, and last of all, there are not men enough to make up the necessary quota on each ship for proper handling of it in action.

This is a serious outlook for us, and our government appears to be looking apprehensively to ward an early conflict with some great foreign power. If all these things are true of our navy, then it is strange that we have accomplished so little with all the money that has been spent in that direction. In the past twelve years we have spent 1400 million dollars on the navy, an average of over 100 million dollars a year. Of this great sum, 175 million dollars were spent on our coast defenses (and our coast defenses are said to be as woefully inadequate as our navy). Since Wilson was elected president the cost of the navy has increased as follows: In 1912, \$20,000,000; in 1913, \$35,000,000; in 1914, \$41,000,000; in 1915, \$46,000,000. Think of spending these great sums of money and yet have nothing to show for it. Also think of this: President Roosevelt's naval policy was second among the world powers. We have not the figures of the naval appropriations for that period, but they were so. \$75,000,000 a neighborhood of \$75,000,000 a year, or about half the appropriation for naval expenditure in 1915. In view of the small increase obtained from a doubling of the cost of the navy in the past seven or eight years, the difference between cost and efficiency becomes startling, indeed. If Roosevelt could give the country first class naval protection on seventy-five or eighty million dollars a year, there must be a reprehensible condition of affairs in the Navy Department today when it permits our naval protection to sink to second or third class on twice that amount of money. Must there not be something rotten in the Navy Department? Must not our navy be inefficient because of the inefficiency of those who have charge of its administration?

Mother's Rights in Missouri.
Attention has been called to a recent law, passed in 1913, amending the "Natural guardianship of Minors" statute, and making the mother of minor children an equal guardian of such children. Under this amended statute the father has no authority, without the mother's consent, to deprive her of their care and custody. And vice versa: Both parents are "natural guardians, with equal rights and duties, and Missouri is in line with other progressive states that have such laws. The Post-Dispatch is glad to call the attention of Missouri mothers to this just law.—The Missouri Children's Home Finder.

Let the people know you are in business by covering the job in the day and night.

Care of Sick.

The widespread prevalence of sickness throughout the country suggests some simple rules for taking care of the sick says the Department of Preventive Medicine, University of Missouri, Columbia. Not every person can have a well-trained nurse. The majority of patients must be taken care of by members of the family. The following suggestions may be helpful.

The sick room should contain little furniture. All surplus rugs, draperies and furnishings should be removed. This gives more space and makes disinfection easier after the sickness is over.

All cases of sickness, including pneumonia and catarrhal infections, do best in a cool, well ventilated room. Ventilation without draft should be provided for by means of windows, boards or similar devices to throw the air up toward the ceiling.

The patient should be kept clean and quiet. A single thin garment, such as a nightgown or nightshirt, is all that is needed. The bundling up of sick persons with plasters, rags and woolens is bad from every standpoint.

Patients should not be annoyed by having to ask for everything. At the same time they should not be teased, even by children, whether they wish something. The nurse, guided by the physician, should know what the patient needs and supply it at the proper time.

Visiting is, as a rule, to be avoided. When conversation is necessary, it should be in a moderate tone of voice without excitement. Whispering is generally worse than loud talking. Food, prepared well and daintily, should be brought to the patient at the necessary time. The patient should not be asked what he wishes to eat.

The sick person should not be annoyed by hard luck stories, either the personal experience of the nurses or of the neighbors. The nurse should invariably obey the instructions of the physician.

If the disease is one in which the sputum carries the contagion, the sputum should be promptly disinfected by burning, if possible. Handkerchiefs should either be burned at once or dropped in to boiling water. All diseases are more contagious by direct contact than otherwise. The nurse should always remember the danger of spreading the infection to other persons and endeavor to prevent it.

An Emergency Bible.

Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop over night at a small country hotel, related the "Western Christian Advocate." It was shown to his room by the colored boy the place afforded, a colored man.

"I'm glad there's a rope in case of fire," commented Mr. Tompkins as he surveyed the room; "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?"

"Datam intended for use, sah," replied the boy, "in case de fire am too far advanced for yo' to make yo' escape, sah."

The Deceiver.

Family Physician—I am afraid, Mrs. Gaybird, your husband cannot last much longer. The trouble with your husband, madam, is that he has overdrawn his account at the bank of vitality.

Mrs. Gaybird—I felt sure he was deceiving me about something. Doctor, I give you my word, I never knew he had any account there.—Topeka Journal.

The old fashioned woman said little and spanked much; the new fashioned woman says much and spanks little. When one thinks of the spankings he used to get he is inclined to think the new fashioned way is the best, but when he sees the 9 and 10 year old boy standing around the corner of the street smoking cigarettes, swearing, cursing and chewing tobacco, and young girls forward and bold in their manner with strangers he is rather inclined to think the old fashioned woman is a good deal wiser.—Potosi News.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The famous "Monroe Doctrine" was enunciated by President Monroe in his message to Congress December 2, 1823.

Referring to steps taken to arrange the respective rights of Russia, Great Britain and the United States, on the northwest coast of this continent, the President went on to say:

In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been deemed proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. We owe it therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not intermeddled and we do not intend to do so. But, with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have not only acknowledged, but also our knowledge, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

Uncle Sam's Care of Youth.

If you visit the naval school at Annapolis, Maryland, you will find there more than eight hundred young men, the pick of the country, selected from every congressional district in the United States. They are being trained at government expense for government service, and Uncle Sam is anxious that they shall show the maximum of efficiency and capacity. These young men are not allowed to use alcohol during their stay in the college. Why? Because the government believes that alcohol is harmful. If the opponents of prohibition think that the use of alcohol is a benefit, why do they not attack the government's policy and compel the college authorities to give alcohol to the students? And if alcohol is injurious, why is not every father and every mother as anxious about the welfare of a son as Uncle Sam is about the welfare of the boys entrusted to his care? But, if it is not necessary to multiply illustrations, experience has everywhere and always been against alcohol. It has been not only accused, but convicted, of being an enemy of the race.

Lively Pig Comes to School.

No longer will Mary's famous little lamb have a place in song and story at Woodlawn school. Instead of the children there will sing of the pig who came to school and called on C. M. Stafford, principal. It made the children laugh and play to see this ambitious shote come stretching into the basement of the school; upstairs and into the principal's room. It wagged its curly tail in greeting until the children made too much of a fuss over it, and then it rooted its way behind the piano, whence one of the boys later dragged it.

The porcine visitor had escaped from a wagon load being hauled to town by a farmer.

Just when the pupils were making a pet of the captured creature the farmer came and took it.—Portland Oregonian.

Good at Figures.

Sammy was not prone to over-exertion in the classroom; therefore his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement: "I got 100 this morning."

"That's lovely, Sammy," exclaimed the proud mother, and she kissed him tenderly. "What was it in?"

"Fifty in reading and fifty in arithmetic."

FINALLY SAVED PETS

THIS YOUNG CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINEER A REAL HERO.

Only Those Who Have Had Experience in Snow-Bound Countries Will Appreciate Magnitude of Work He Had to Do.

In the autumn of 1913, William Rutherford, a young California mountaineer, engaged to remain alone as a caretaker at Fallen Leaf lodge, in the Lake Tahoe region of the high Sierras, during the winter. Rutherford was a guide during the summer months, and he kept his animals, a saddle horse and pack mule, named Babe and Mike, at the lodge, intending to use them to haul firewood for the next summer season.

On December 22, two men came by the lodge from the lake on their way to the Sacramento valley. They were anxious to reach their homes in time for Christmas, and they begged that they might take Babe and Mike to carry their heavy packs.

Rutherford demurred, for he feared storms; but the men persisted, saying that unless they reached home before the 25th, their children would have neither presents nor Christmas dinners. That plea was more than the tender-hearted young man could withstand, and he let them take the animals, exacting a promise that they would return them as soon as the sled road opened.

The travelers started at daylight, taking the trail over the summit. That night a terrific snowstorm swept the mountains. Rutherford was worried, but tried to believe that the snowstorm had smoothed the men to fight their way to the lower country. On January 3, he snowshoed over to Tahoe post office, where he found a crumpled post card from one of the men, informing him that they had been caught in the storm and had to abandon the animals to save their own lives.

The next day Rutherford started out to find Babe and Mike. He traveled in the sticky snow across the summit to Bryson's camp, and the next day two or three miles farther. He had hardly expected to find Babe or Mike alive, but as he came round a bluff he was delighted to see the two animals standing disconsolately side by side. He yelled at them and Babe whinnied back, although he was almost too dejected and weak to move.

The animals had trampled a place about ten feet square under a tamarack tree, and had never moved out of it. They had gnawed at the saddle blankets and the hair rope, and had even nibbled each other's tails and manes. The snow was five and a half feet deep all around them.

Rutherford shoveled a trail to the river, in doing which he fell through the ice three times. He had to undress and wring out his clothes in the bitter cold. Then he watered the horses, and immediately set out for Bryson's camp. The animals were too weak to follow. At the camp he got a half bale of hay and carried it down on his back, traveling on skis.

The next day he went to shoveling again, and worked at it all day long. At daylight he got up, carried more hay down to the horses, and put in 12 hours more of shoveling.

It was terribly heavy work, for there were six inches of soft snow, then four inches of frozen crust, and below that a mass of wet snow. When he got back to Bryson's he was so weary he could hardly crawl up the steps.

Wednesday it snowed hard and fell on his laboriously made path. And Rutherford changed his tactics. He determined to make snowshoes for the horses; but he could find nothing at all of which to make them. They thought of putting down board in three sections, two boards wide, moving the horses upon the first ones and then taking up the rear ones. Loaded with hay and planks, he fought his way into the blizzard. It took him four hours to get down to the horses.

The next day he carried down more planks and tried to put his plan into execution. It was a failure—the boards simply shot out from under the horses in every direction across the crust. Just then two other men whom he knew appeared, coming up from Strawberry camp farther down the mountain. They told him it was no use, and advised him to shoot the animals. But Rutherford would not, and that night he thought of the way out of his difficulty. There were some cowhides and sheepskins hanging in Bryson's camp. These he carried down to the tamarack tree where Babe and Mike still stood, and where his two friends of the day before joined him. They quartered the cowhides, put the sheepskins inside for filling, and bound the clumsy bundles round the feet of the animals—one to each foot.

About three o'clock they were ready for the new experiment. Rutherford says he actually cried when he found it was going to work! Babe and Mike wobbled down to the end of the ditch, climbed out on top of the snow, and made pretty good progress, sinking in only a few inches. They reached Strawberry camp before dark. From there it was not very hard to get the animals down into the Sacramento valley.—Youth's Companion.

Peach Seeds of Value.

One California company found itself with 1,000 tons of peach seeds on its hands last year. They were crunched up and the meats sent to Germany, where they were made into praline candy. The shells were sold for fuel.

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